

The Historie.

A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his liuery, and beg his peace
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kinde heart and pitie mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and performd it too.
Now when the Lords and Barons of the realme,
Percei'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Borroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, stode in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, profferd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father while his blood was poore
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh,
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some streight decrees,
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
Cries out vpon abuses, seemies to weepe
Ouer his Countrey wrongs, and by this face
This seeming brow of iustice did he winne
The hearts of all that he did a gle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourits that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personall in the Irish warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the poynt.

In short time after he deposd the king,
Soone after that depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that taskt the whole state,
To make that woorse, suffred his kinsman March
(Who is if euerie owner were well plac'd

Indeed

of Henry the fourth.

Indeed his king) to be ingagde in Wales,
There without raunsome to lie forfeited,
Disgrac't me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine vnkle from the counsell boord,
In rage dismisd my father from the Court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion droue vs to seeke out
This head of safetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we find

To indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the king?

Hot. Nor so sir Walter, Weele withdraw a while.

Go to the king, and let there be impawnde
Some surety for a safe returne againe,
And in the morning early shal mine vnkle
Bring him our purposes, and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, sir Mighell.

Arch. Hie good sir Mighell, beare this sealed briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my coosen Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import you would make haste.

Sir M. My good Lord I gesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.

To morrow good sir Mighell is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For sir at Shrewsbury
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The king with mighty and quicke raised power
Meetes with Lord Harry And I feare sir Mighell
What with the sicknesse of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too.

I i.

And